GUNNER DEPEW

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FOREWORD.

"Gunner Depew" is not a work of fiction, but it is more thrilling than any fiction you ever read. It is the true story of the experiences of an American boy who had a fighting career that is unique in the annals of the great war. It is a story crowded with fighting and adventure - big with human courage and endurance. It is the first war narrative that tells the true story of conditions in the German prison camps. It is a story that every American should and will read to the end.

CHAPTER I.

In the American Navy.

My father was a seaman, so, naturally, all my life I heard a great deal about ships and the sea. Even when I was a little boy, in Walston, Pa., I thought about them a whole lot and room as water-tender for a year. wanted to be a sailor-especially a sailor in the U. S. navy.

You might say I was brought up on

When I was twelve years old I went to sea as cabin boy on the whaler Therifus, out of Boston. She was an old square-rigged sailing ship, built more for work than for speed. were out four months on my first cruise, and got knocked around a lot, of respect for the Swedes and Norespecially in a storm on the Newfoundland Banks, where we lost our instruments, and had a hard time navigating the ship. Whaling crews work on shares and during the two years I was on the Therifus my shares amounted to fourteen hundred dollars.

Then I shipped as Grst-class helms-Inan on the British tramp Southerndown, a twin-screw steamer out of Liverpool. Many people are surprised that a fourteen-year-old boy should be heimsman on an ocean-going craft, but all over the world von will seyoung lads doing their trick at the wheel. I was on the Southerndown two years and in that time visited most of the important ports of Europe. There is nothing like a tramp steamer if you want to see the world. The Southerndown is the vessel that, in the fall of 1917, sighted a German U-boat rigged up like a sailing ship.

Although I liked visiting the foreign ports, I got tired of the Southerndown after a while and at the end of a voyage which landed me in New York I decided to get into the United States navy. After laying around for a week or two I enlisted and was assigned to duty as a second-class fireman.

pretty small to be a fireman; they the British, their vessels were shiphave the idea that firemen must be big shape all the time, and were run as men. Well, I am 5 feet 71/2 inches in sweet as a clock. height, and when I was sixteen I was just as tall as I am now and weighed 168 pounds. I was a whole lot huskier then, too, for that was before my another. The British navy, of course, introduction to kultur in German prison camps, and life there is not exactly fattening-not exactly. I do not know why it is, but if you will notice the it. But there is one place where the navy firemen-the lads with the red navy of the United States has it all stripes around their left shouldersyou will find that almost all of them are small men. But they are a husky ican navy has the best gunners in

Now, in the navy, they always haze n newcomer until he shows that he can take care of himself, and I got mine very soon after I went into Uncle Sam's service. I was washing my clothes in a bucket on the forecastle deck, and every garby (sallor) who came along would give me or the bucket a kick, and spill one or the both of us. Each time I would move to some other place, but I always seemed to be in somebody's way. Fipally I saw a marine coming. I was nowhere near him, but he hauled out of his course to come up to me and gave the bucket a boot that sent it twenty feet away, at the same time handing me a clout on the ear that just about knocked me down. Now, I was greatly interested, I was doubt-I did not exactly know what a marine was, and this fellow had so many ports, for I knew how news gets stripes on his sleeves that I thought he must be some sort of officer, so I just stood by. There was a gold stripe (commissioned officer) on the bridge and I knew that if anything was wrong he would cut in, so I kept looking up at him, but he stayed where he was, looking on, and never saving a word. And all the time the marine kept slamming me about and telling me to get the hell out of there.

Finally I said to myself, "I'll get this guy if it's the brig for a month." So I planted him one in the kidneys and another in the mouth, and he went clean up against the rail. But he came back at me strong, and we were at it for some time.

came down from the bridge and shook hands with me!

After this they did not haze me much. This was the beginning of a

certain reputation that I had in the navy for fist-work. Later on I had a reputation for swimming, too. That first day they began calling me "Chink," though I don't know why, and it has been my nickname in the navy ever since.

It is a curious thing, and I never could understand it, but garbles and marines never mix. The marines are good men and great fighters, aboard and ashore, but we garbies never have a word for them, nor they for us. On shore leave abroad we pal up with foreign garbies, even, but hardly ever with a marine. Of course they are with us strong in case we have a scrap with a liberty party off some foreign ship-they cannot keep out of a fight any more than we can-but after it is over they are on their way at once and we on ours.

There are lots of things like that in the navy that you cannot figure out the reason for, and I think it is because sailors change their ways so little. They do a great many things in the navy because the navy always has done them.

I kept strictly on the job as a fireman, but I wanted to get into the gun turrets. It was slow work for a long time. I had to serve as second-class fireman for four mouths, first-class for eight months and in the engine

Then, after serving on the U.S.S. Des Moines as a gun-loader, I was transferred to the Iowa and finally Many other Americans wanted a look, worked up to a gun-pointer. After a time I got my C. P. O. rating-chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

The various navies differ in many ways, but most of the differences would not be noticed by any one but a sailor. Every sailor has a great deal wegians and Danes; they are born sailors and are very daring, but, of course, their navies are small. The Germans were always known as clean



Gunner Depew.

People have said they thought I was sailors; that is, as in our navy and

There is no use comparing the various navies as to which is best; some are better at one thing and some at is the largest, and nobody will deny that at most things they are topnotch -least of all themselves; they admit over every other navy on the seven seas, and that is gunnery. The Amerthe world. And do not let anybody tell you different.

CHAPTER II.

The War Breaks.

After serving four years and three months in the U. S. navy, I received an honorable discharge on April 14, 1914. I held the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. It is not uncommon for garbies to lie around a while between enlistments-they like a vacation as much as anyone-and it was my intention to loaf for a few months before joining the navy again. After the war started, of course, I had heard more or less about the German atrocities in Belgium, and while ful at first as to the truth of the rechanged in passing from mouth to mouth, and I never was much of a hand to believe things until I saw them, anyway. Another thing that caused me to be interested in the war was the fact that my mother was born in Alsace. Her maiden name, Diervieux, Is well known in Alsace. I had often visited my grandmother in St. Nazaire, France, and knew the country. So with France at war, it was not strange that I should be even more interested than many other garbies.

As I have said, I did not take much stock in the first reports of the Hun's exhibition of kultur, because Fritz is known as a clean sailor, and I figured privates received the same treatment, held in Berlin to popularize the use

said there was in Belgium. I figured the soldiers were like the sailors. But I found out I was wrong about both.

ent With the George Matthew Adams Service

One thing that opened my eyes a getting out of Hanover, where she was when the war started, and back to France. She always wore a little American flag and this both saved and endangered her. Without it, the Germans would have interned her as a Frenchwoman, and with it, she was sneered at and insulted time and again before she finally managed to get over the border. She died about two months after she reached St. Nazaire.

Moreover, I heard the fate of my older brother, who had made his home in France with my grandmother. He had gone to the front at the outbreak of the war with the infantry from St. Nazaire and had been killed two or three weeks afterwards. This made it a sort of personal matter.

But what put the finishing touche to me were the stories a wounded Canadian lieutenant told me som months later in New York. He had been there and he knew. You could not help believing him; you can always tell it when a man has been there and knows.

There was not much racket around New York, so I made up my mind all of a sudden to go over and get some for myself. Believe me, I got enough racket before I was through. Most of the really important things I have done have happened like that: I did them on the jump, you might say. too: there were five thousand Americans in the Canadian army at one time they say.

I would not claim that I went over there to save democracy, or anything like that. I never did like Germans and I never met a Frenchman who was not kind to me, and what I heard about the way the Huns treated the Belgians made me sick. I used to get out of bed to go to an all-night picture show, I thought about it so much But there was not much excitemen about New York, and I figured the U. S. would not get into it for a while anyway, so I just wanted to go ove and see what it was like. That why lots of us went, I think.

There were five of us who went to Boston to ship for the other side: Sam Murray, Ed Brown, Tim Flynn, Mitchell and myself. Murray was an exgarby-two hitches (enlistments), gunpointer rating, and about thirty-five years old. Brown was a Pennsylvania man about twenty-six years old, who had served two enlistments in the U. S. army and had quit with the rank of sergeant. Flynn and Mitchell were both ex-navy men. Mitchell was a noted boxer. Of the five of us, I am Brown never came back.

The five of us shipped on the steam-

We left Boston for St. Nazaire with anything of interest happening.

As we were tying to the dock at St. Nazaire, I saw a German prisoner sitpiece of beefsteak between them and handed it to Fritz. He would not take it. At first I thought he was afraid to but by using sowers he was afraid got two slices of bread with a thick to, but by using several languages and signs he managed to make me understand that he was not hungry-had too much to eat, in fact.

I used to think of this fellow occasionally when I was in a German pris-on camp, and a piece of moldy bread by the horns of the cresthe size of a safety-match box was the generous portion of food they the generous portion of food they forced on me, with true German hospitality, once every forty-eight hours. I would not exactly have refused a beefsteak sandwich, I am afraid, But then I would not exactly have refused a der it faintly visible to our eyes. then I was not a heaven-born German. I was only a common American garby. He was full of kultur and grub; I was not full of anything.

St. Nazaire, and at one time or an sun's heat to industrial tasks of alother I saw all of it. Before the war it had been used as a barracks by the experiments with mirror combinations freach army and consisted of well-French army and consisted of wellmade, comfortable two-story stone melt a bar of lead at a temperature buildings, floored with concrete, with below freezing to a depth of one and auxillary barracks of logs. The Ger- a half inches in 43 seconds. man prisoners occupied the stone buildings, while the French guards were quartered in the log houses. Inside, the houses were divided into long with her little puppy when the dog rooms with whitewashed walls. There next door came up wagging his tall in was a gymnasium for the prisoners, a a most friendly way. The little pup canteen where they might buy most stuck his tail between his legs and of the things you could buy anywhere started for the house. Lucy caught else in the country, and a studio for him, saying: "Don't be afraid, pup; the painters among the prisoners. Of he won't hurt you; he just come over ficers were separated from privates- to introduce hisself." which was a good thing for the privates-and were kept in houses surrounded by stockades. Officers and But when it was over the gold stripe that no real sailor would ever get however, and all were given exactly of paper clothing.

mixed up in such dirty work as they | the same rations and equipment as the regular French army before it went to the front. Their food consisted of bread, soup, and vino, as wine is called almost everywhere in the world. In bit was the trouble my mother had in the morning they received half a loaf of Vienna bread and coffee. At noon they each had a large dixle of thick soup, and at three in the afternoon more bread and a bottle of vino. The soup was more like a stew-very thick with meat and vegetables. At

> est hotel in Paris before the war. All the prisoners were well clothed. Once a week, socks, underwear, soap, towels and blankets were issued to them, and every week the barracks and equipment were fumigated. They were given the best of medical atten-

one of the officers' barracks there was

a cook who had been chef in the larg-

Besides all this, they were allowed to work at their trades, if they had any. All the carpenters, cobblers, tailors and painters were kept busy, and some of them picked up more change there than they ever did in Germany, they told me. The musiclans formed bands and played almost every night at restaurants and theaters in the town. Those who had no trade were allowed to work on the roads, parks, docks and at residences about the town.

Talk about dear old jall! You could not have driven the average prisoner away from there with a 14-inch gun. used to think about them in Brandenburg, when our boys were rushing the sentries in the hope of being bayonetted out of their misery.

While our cargo was being unloaded spent most of my time with my grandmother. I had heard still more about the cruelty of the Huns, and made up my mind to get into the service. Murray and Brown had already enlisted in the Foreign Legion, Brown being assigned to the infantry and Murray to the French man-of-war Cassard. But when I spoke of my intention, my grandmother cried so much that I promised her I would not enlist -that time, anyway-and made the return voyage in the Virginian. We were no sooner loaded in Boston than back to St. Nazaire we went.

Gunner Depew, on board the French dreadnaught Cassard, gives the Pollus a sample of the marksmanship for which the Then he leaves his ship and goes into the trenches. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Something to "Greet" About. Persons casting about for something the only one who went in, got to worry about may take pleasure in through and came out. Flynn and recalling from "The Little Minister" Mitchell did not go in; Murray and the manner in which self-styled simple folk in Scotland regard the northern lights-"the devil's rainbow," Waster ship Virginian of the American-Ha- Lunny called it. "I saw it sax times waiian line, under American flag and in July month," he said, "and it made registry, but chartered by the French | me shut my een. You was out admirgovernment. I signed on as water- ing it, dominie, but I can never forget tender—an engine room job—but the that it was seen in the year '12 just others were on deck-that is, seamen, afore the great storm. I was only a laddie then, but I mind how that awful a cargo of ammunition, bully beef, wind stripped a' the standing corn in etc., and made the first trip without the glen in less time than we've been anything of interest happening. the deil's bosom. My father's hinmost words to me was, 'It's time eneuch to ting on a pile of lumber. I thought probably he would be hungry, so I "greeting" o'er the described was went down into the ollers' mess and with a third twelve hours later the Quharity was

> Moon by "Earthlight" When the crescent of the new moon appears in the west the phenomenon called "the old moon in the young one's arms" is often observed. Partance is that the "earthlight" upon that part of the moon not reached by the

Harnessea Sun's Rays. An experimenter in the Royal College of Science in Toronto claims that There was a large prison camp at he has found a way to harness the most any nature. For instance, by his

> Intended No Harm. Lucy was playing up on the lawn

A national exhibition was recently

MADE THE CHAIN COMPLETE

Physician in His Excitement Rather Gave Away Secret He Should Have Kept.

Attorney General Gregory tells this piquant story of a prominent finan-

cier and a well-known physician: The money juggler called at the office of his family physician one morning and told him with much concern that his only son was suffering from diphtheria. The doctor was solicitous but assured the financier that with the care given in the hospital to which the boy had been taken he would pull through nicely. "Of course," said the medico, "no one is safe when that terrible disease is around."

"But," said the father, "the boy confessed to me that he is sure he caught the disease from the parlor maid whom he had kissed."

"Well, young people are certainly very thoughtless," mused the doctor, "I'm sorry to hear that your son has been so indiscreet."

"Yes, of course, doctor," said the financier, nervously, "but don't you see, to be frank with you-I have kissed the girl. Do you think I, too, will have the disease?"

"Why, yes," said the doctor. "You are probably already infected. fact, that would be the very next thing to expect."

"Oh, that's awful," gasped the financier, "and I kiss my own dear wife every morning and evening, so she,

"Good heavens!" cried the physician, jumping up excitedly, "then I, too, will have it !"-Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

NOT MARK OF DISRESPECT

Omission of "Mr." Before Name of President Is Thoroughly Sanctioned by Good Usage.

A Kansas City teacher asks the Star whether it is really in good taste to refer to the president in a headline or elsewhere as "Wilson," Ought it not always be "Mr. Wilson" or "President Wilson?" she asks. It has jarred on her in reading the news to pupils to find the president's name used without a handle

Hard and fast rules in matters of good taste are difficult to establish. In general the title is appropriately used with the president's name; in general, but not always. The omission of the title is not disrespectful; on the contrary, the more distinguished the man. the more the omission of the title is sanctioned by good usage. We speak of Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, Gladstone habitually without the "Mr." So with living men. Isn't it more often "Edison" than "Mr. Edison," "Bergon" than "M. Pergson," "Kipling" than "Mr. Kipling," "Lloyd George" than "Mr. Lloyd George," "Poincare" than "M. Polncare," "Kerensky" than "Mr. Kerensky?"

When reference is made to a known man by his name without title or even initials, there is an implied compliment. The implication is that there is only one Lloyd George, only one Clemenceau, only one Wilson. Whether the title is used or not depends largely on what seems to be the requirements of the occasion.—Kansas City Times.

One Day Too Late.

The average Oklahoma Indian is more interested in oil royalties than in current events. Recently a locally well-known Indian came into Ardmore to cash his quarterly check, and on being approached for a Red Cross contribution, asked:

"What for, Red Cross?" Red Cross work was briefly explained, and the Indian came back with another query, "What war?"

"Why, the war with the Germans," was the answer. "Didn't you know America is at war with the Germans?" "No," replied the Indian. long?"

The situation was explained at length, and after studying over the matter, the Indian said:

"Too bad! Know um yesterday, could help heap. Two Germans by my place, hauling well-rig. Could kill 'em easy."-Everybody's Magazine.

Entire Town on Auction Block Any man whose ambition is to own a whole town will have an opportunity to satisfy his desire.

By direction of Lord Stalbridge, the owner, the entire town of Shaftsbury, England, will be put on the auction block, including private houses, banks, postoffices, stores, offices, hotels and three saloons. The town is in a picturesque part of Derbyshire, perched on a hill in the midst of rolling farm country. The nearest railway station Is three miles distant, at Semley.

Sales of great estates are frequent In these days, when taxes are eating up profits and many of the younger generation of the nobility are losing their lives on the battlefields. This is the first sale of an entire town which has been arranged.

Historic Signals. Our books on naval history which give in terms of flags, Nelson's signal at Tra-

falgar, will have to be brought up to date to include in Morse dots and dashes, the immortal "St. George for England" of Zeebrugge. Our Japanese allies will be the first to note the fine watchword for Togo, an intense admirer of Nelson, employed a variant of the Trafalgar signal in the great sea battle with Russia. Said he in his report: "I ran up this signal for all the ships in sight: "The fate of th empire depends upon this event; ever; man is expected to do his utmost." London Chronicle.

An Hour a Day With Jesus

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE

TEXT-What! Could ye not watch with me one hour?-Matt, 26:40.

Never was the Master's rebuke to the disciples more pertinent than to-



day. We are living at a rapid rate. Every one seems to be in a. mad rush to get there, and multitudes of business men are consciously violating the speed laws of health and safety. It is becoming harder all the while to secure time for private or family worship, while meditation on the Word is, we fear.

Men and women almost a lost art. too, are using up seven days' strength in six days' time, so that Sunday usually finds them completely exhausted.

Let me suggest as a remedy an hour a day with Jesus, emphasizing not somuch the amount of time as the fact of a generous period set apart each day for fellowship with the living and written Word.

Our souls need it. How much they need it we shall never know until we adopt the habit. We need it both for our information and inspiration. We need to know God better that we may love him more. We need to know ourselves better that we may take and keep our proper attitude toward him. And when we know his will we need the constant and constraining influence of the Holy Spirit to incite us to do it.

A slumbering church needs it, for if it is ever awakened and set on fire for God it must be through the instrumentality of those who are already on fire, and whose earnest intercession gives God no rest until he establishes and makes Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

A perishing world needs it-for never will it realize that it is dead until it comes in contact with those who are alive in Christ Jesus. Formal preaching and feeble testimony will never disturb the sleep of the dead, but "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and shall do exploits." When people hear about the

midst they will realize their own ne And Jesus craves it. We are not simply the servants of Jesus who go to him for orders, but he says, "I have called you friends," and "all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." A business man may employ hundreds of women, and daily assign them their work and pay them their wages, but there is one woman whose relation to him is entirely different. He is not her employer but her husband. He did not select her for the work that she could do, but to be his wife and companion.

Even so the church is the bride of Christ, and far more than the service. that we can render, he prizes our fellowship and love.

An hour a day with Jesus gives deep, abounding joy. "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" It makes our testimony more effec-

tive. Some years ago I came in close touch with a group of young people. I soon saw that one of the number was far superior to all the rest in the weight of her testimony and in her knowledge of the Bible. Then I found the secret. She was giving an hour a day to the study of the Bible and prayer. Her life was beautiful and her influence unique, though her natural gifts were only ordinary. That hour a day with Jesus seemed to cast a halo over all that she said and

It gives greater power in prayer. In Acts 4:31 we read that when the apostles had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, "And with great power gave they witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all."

And so we come back to our starting point, and leave with you the question, "Could we not manage our households, and carry on our business and accomplish more study, and make more money if we would spend an hour a day with Jesus and the Bible?"

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths

the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward, when I
faint beneath my load; When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim, There is naught can give me comfort like a little talk with him.

I cannot live without him, nor would I if He is my daily portion, my medicine and

He's altogether lovely, none with him can compare, chief among ten thousand, the feir-est of the fair. The

Bible for Every Cottage.

Give to the people who toll and suffer, for whom this world is hard and bad, the belief that there is a better ninde for them. Scatter gospels among the villages, a Bible for every cottage, "Victor Hugo.